CHALLENGE

BRITAIN'S NATIONAL YOUTH WEEKLY 2d

Boy Blows Up Bridge

(see Page 13)

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

Did Donald Deserve This Treatment?

DONALD joined the Home Guard. By attending innumerable parades he reached the dizzy heights of Corporal. The Platoon Sergeant was an old school tie with a pseudo Alvar Liddell accent, which few could understand. One day half the platoon turned one way, the rest the other. An explanation was demanded. Donald's neighbour tried to explain. Donald said, "That's right." The Sergeant ordered him to be quiet. Donald sent him to hell and after Donald had been sent from officer to officer the Big Chief discharged him and informed him that H.M. Forces had no further use for him.

This was written to me this week by J.S. of Glasgow. What do readers think about this?

I shall be interested to hear.

Yours, **JANE HOPE.**

A JOB FOR THE UNIONS!

IN our pit one reason for low output is the continued used of pit pony methods for drawing the coal from the face. Many of us in this pit think that the introduction of mechanisation is necessary to ensure the pit working at full capacity.

S. Yorks Miner.

If the second front is to be opened up on our initiative then more coal will be wanted than ever before. It's up to the union to call a meeting of the men to put their proposals to the Management. If nothing results, ask Mr. Bevin what he's got to say about it. What is more important, what will he DO about it?

PUBLISH THESE CASES!

ORGANISED workers demand increased production, and are dismissed for their cheek! Cases of this should be made public.

The only way to increase output and decrease muddling is for the national war industries to be run by co-operation from the Shop Stewards and the Management. This will give our fighting forces the chance to smash Hitler.

M. Gardin, London.

MINERS REMEMBER

THE Derbyshire Miners' Council has not forgotten the help given them by the Soviet miners in the 1926 General Strike. Thy are donating £3,000 to the Russian miners.

G. Thompson, Derbyshire.

Good for Derbyshire. This is a challenge to other unions. Who will take it up first?

A RAW DEAL

A FEW weeks ago I asked my firm for a few hours off to be sworn in for special voluntary service work, to assist my fellow workers. The following week I got docked 7s. It was my reward.

I had a pair of binoculars for my job of roof observer. They were stolen, and my firm are deducting 10s. a week from my wage packet till they've got the £9 10s. which the binoculars cost.

These aren't the only stoppages I've had. We don't expect these things to happen in Britain, only in Nazi Germany.

D. B. K., Battersea.

This is another job for the unions. If you are in a trade union get advice from your shop steward or union secretary. He will be able to put up a better fight for your rights than you can alone.

SHORTS FROM SOLDIERS

A PRIVATE in the R.A.S.C. writes of Kathleen, ex-waitress, and Doreen, ex-parlourmaid, who are now working as batwomen for officers—waiting on them hand and foot. Our reader thinks Kathleen and Doreen would help the war-effort more by working in the war industries.

When shop girls are being called up for munition work—it is scandalous that girls should be forced into unproductive jobs.

SUGGESTION

FROM a L./Sgt. R.A. that articles or short stories based on the fight of the German people for Freedom, in their own country, especially since 1918, should be included.

HEALTH

A PRIVATE in Cheshire writes of the dirt accumulated on eating utensils — the inefficient cleansing of plates, etc., between meals.

Private G. should get the N.C.O.s to take up the matter for the men—it's their responsibility to look after the interests of the unit as a whole.

A QUESTION

WHY don't you write an article on how to look as intelligent and charming as yourself? No kidding!

R.A.S.C. Corporal.

What about giving me your address, Corporal, and then I can reply? It's a bit public here!

COAL

They say that it was
made by Nature
Some vegetables allowed to mature.
But I say that "Auld
Nick" did root it.

To those of you
who've never seen
The long, black,
shiny, glossy seam,
The stuff that looks
so much like night
Yet gives away so
warm a light,
I say to you, don't
ever yearn
To look upon the decayed fern
But take one look at
the homes instead
Of those who loot it
for their daily
bread.

J. R. Young.

Let Yourself Go — Jane Hope

is typical of the people who read CHALLENGE. Each week she sits down at her desk to read the letters you write to the paper and reply to them. If you have any problems or want advice you should write to her, c/o CHALLENGE, Premier House, 150 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

What a Submarine Commander sees

Through the Periscope

by Jack Hawkins

THE news is printed in small type on the back page of the paper.

"A British submarine torpedoed and sunk an enemy raider in the North Sea."

Nothing more than that. Yet behind that tiny item is the story of man's eternal battle with the high seas; of ingenious, complex machinery; of courage and steadfastness unequalled anywhere in Britain.

The British Submarine Service! The men who go *under* the sea in ships!

* * *

BRITAIN has two main types of submarines in active service—the ocean-goer and the coastal.

The ocean-goers include submarines of the CLYDE class, which is the largest of all, the PORPOISE and TRIAD classes, and the OBERON, which is the smallest class.

The coastal classes are the URSULA, SHARK and SWORDFISH.

The chief characteristic of a submarine is of course its ability to dive and move under water for long periods.

In war-time it is often necessary to dive to great depths, to avoid depth-charges.

To enable this to be done, the vessel has to be specially strengthened. This is done by means of what is known as a "pressure-hull," which is cigar-shaped and circular, and fashioned of special, strong steel plates.

Over this pressure-hull are built the decks and sides of the submarine. The sea-water is allowed to flow in between the pressure-hull and this super-structure, so that there is actually no pressure on the decks and sides.

* * *

IF a submarine is hit or damaged under water, it does not necessarily mean that it is put right out of action. Each ship is constructed with about half-a-dozen separate water tight compartments, connected by water-tight doors.

Under water the submarine has only one eye—the periscope. This is raised and lowered by means of a small electric motor. Once the under-water course has been charted, the periscope is lowered, and is only raised again for purposes of checking—or when there is a possibility of action!

* * *

SUBMARINES do not sink, except by accident. They have to be forced down.

This is done in the following way: First of all, all submarines carry what are known as saddle-tanks. These are built along the outside of the pressure-hull. When the order is given "Flood the main ballasts," valves are opened and these tanks are filled with water.

Once these tanks are full, what is known as a diving-trim is given by flooding auxiliary tanks. These are filled more slowly, until a stage is reached when the submarine is what is called "bobbing."

Then the electric motors are set in motion, and the submarine's diving-planes are set at "Down." The pressure of the water against these planes keeps the submarine down, and also enables the coxswain to keep the boat at whatever depth is ordered.

* * *

IN war-time, no submarine is complete without its torpedo room. Here the submarine carries its sting in the shape of the torpedoes.

About twenty feet long, and about two feet in diameter, the torpedo is equipped with its own tiny engine. This is capable of driving it at a speed of 45 m.p.h.

What is called a "hydrostatic valve" keeps the torpedo at the exact required depth, and a gyroscope keeps it on the exact course.

When the torpedo strikes its target, a charge of T.N.T. in the head is ignited by a pistol, and the torpedo does its work.

Crews of submarines have to be carefully trained, and are usually volunteers. The British Submarine Service is a dangerous and uncomfortable service from many points of view, which reflects all the more credit on the men who do the job.

Not many of these, I suspect, will be sorry when Hitler is beaten and they can surface for the last time.

George Sinfield Visits the North

BOYS WHO BUILD AIRDROMES

"PHEW, Jock, that's heavy!"

"Aye, sure thing, Jimmy, but it's grand exercise." Turning to a colleague Jock contracted his right biceps, and with a wink said: "Take a feel of that!"

"Tough, guid guy, huh," broke in Tom, mixing dialects.

Wiping the perspiration from his forehead, Jock, with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, replied: "Have it your own way pal. That's okay with me."

Another of the group, Wullie, a dour and taciturn Scot, grunted as the young fellows sat down for a well-earned breather.

BUILDING A DROME

THEY belonged to Squadron 10 of the Edinburgh Air Training Corps, and had just carried the last log of the day.

They were camping, making excellent use of their time helping with Home Guards to construct parts of an airdrome. Trees, hacked down by Home Guards, had to be carried a couple of miles by Cadets.

The lads also assisted in laying foundations for machine-gun posts, anti-aircraft guns, and fortifications.

Other Youth Service war work in Edinburgh is performed by the Boys' Brigade and Boy Scouts, and thousands of each are similarly employed in Glasgow.

"LIKE THE LIFE"

THERE are ten A.T.C. Squadrons in Scotland's capital, with a membership of roughly 1,200.

The lads of Number 10 Squadron publish a weekly magazine.

Some of their number, and Cadets from other squadrons in the city, are harvesting in the Lothians.

One Cadet spoke with rare pride in telling me that six of his pals had been taken for a flight. "We like the life," he said.

"In our squadron there is no snobbery of any kind. We all have our shoulders to the wheel. The squadron is democratically controlled," he told me.

Four hundred Boy Scouts and Boys' Brigaders are working within the City's Civil Defence Services. A.R.P. Messengers, Stretcher-bearers, and De-contamination work being three of the duties.

STARS MAY HELP

THE Youth and Sports Council of the British Russian Unity Campaign Committee, about which I reported recently, has now drawn up concrete plans.

Commencing with an attractive tournament at the Eldorado Stadium, Leith, the council is to organise displays and exhibitions of many kinds.

All youth organisations—apprentices, Scouts, Boys' Brigade, etc.—have been approached to lead in the campaign.

Hopes are entertained that Tommy Walker, famous Hearts forward, and Scots international, and Jacky Paterson, British fly-weight boxing champion, will give their valuable support.

HOSPITAL ORDERLIES

ALTHOUGH Glasgow has four experimental Youth Centres, the bulk of Youth Service war work is undertaken by the Boys' Brigade and Boy Scouts' Association.

As is the case in Edinburgh, the City Council has made grants to aid the strengthening and widening of the activities of these organisations.

Several thousands of Glasgow's 10,000 Boys' Brigaders—the city boasts of 250 companies—are fully engaged in Civil Defence.

For example, a number of Brigaders from the 1st Company are acting as Night Orderlies in the Western Infirmary. Others are on duty in the city as stretcher-bearers, messengers and salvage assistants.

ON THEIR METTLE

GLASGOW'S enthusiastic Brigaders are at their best if given responsibilities. They respond when put on their mettle.

Entirely by their own efforts they have presented an ambulance and two mobile canteens to responsible authorities.

Mr. Jack, a leading officer, who gave me much of this information, spoke of his boys in glowing terms if, maybe, with customary Scottish caution.

"UNDER SIXTEENS"

FOUR hundred Glasgow Boy Scouts are stretcher-bearers. 500 are attached to First-Aid Posts, and 200 are on duty as A.F.S. Messengers. Others are engaged on sundry canteen, Admiralty and Red Cross work.

Over 500 assist in the collection of waste-paper, scrap metal, bottles and similar salvage. Indeed, every Scout over 16 years is on some kind of war work.

Two thousand "under sixteens" report for duty when the "All Clear" is sounded after a raid.

SCOUT HERO

IT is a fitting commentary I think if I refer to the heroism and gallantry displayed by Boy Scouts since the war began. More than 60,000 have been awarded the National Service Badge for sustained services.

But let me mention 16-year-old Dennis Melville, who gave his life fighting a fire caused by bombs. For his devotion to duty the Scout Silver Cross for Gallantry was awarded posthumously.

Scottish Youth in Action

BUILD

This third report by our travelling reporter showing what British youth is doing for victory will thrill you. Are you doing YOUR part? Why not send your report to GEORGE SINFIELD.

"Markers ready!" Halifax A.T.C. No. 250 and 140 Squads, prior to inspection by the Mayor. Picture by courtesy of the Editor of the "A.T.C. Gazette."

MOTHER'S TRIBUTE

THE mother of Dennis paid her boy a wonderful tribute.

"His, indeed, was a lovely life," she wrote. He was a splendid first-aider and his knowledge of Civil Defence and A.R.P. activities has put many a man to shame.

"We have recently had our home destroyed by a bomb. His work that night was wonderful for one so young.

"Our house had fallen in but he just picked himself out of the rubble, made his way to the Anderson Shelter for his first-aid kit, and was working hours among sights I would have shielded him from seeing.

"I shall never forget him that night. He came in with his clothes cut in ribbons by glass, his face black and scratched, but with such a lovely smile—something attempted, something done."

"TAKE HER SKIPPER"

ANOTHER poignant and dramatic story is told of a Patrol Leader who, with his troop, had for hours worked to remove blood-covered, shell-shocked raid victims.

The troop was just going for a cup of tea when they heard a moaning cry from a wrecked house. The Patrol Leader turned and made for the place at once, and a little later staggered out carrying the naked body of a young girl.

Blood dripped from a horrible gash in her neck. Stumbling over the debris, the gallant Scout thrust his burden into the arms of his Scoutmaster, gasping out: "Take her, Skipper, I'm going to be sick!"

WHAT'S MISSING?

MY profound conviction is that there are scores of thousands of young men and women in the country who are on their toes waiting for the word "Go," in order they may play their part in the struggle against the Nazi menace.

Their offers of service must not be denied. They are made of the same superb stuff as Dennis Melville, and the Patrol Leader, whose stories I have related.

What worries me is the doubting thought that insufficient official effort is being made to use their willing hands, keen-as-mustard brains, and deep hatred of Hitlerism.

TEAM FIGHTERS

ANOTHER thing worries me as far as Scotland is concerned.

While never for a moment would I attempt to belittle the magnificence of the efforts of the Boys' Brigade, Boy Scouts and other voluntary organisations, I am convinced that Youth Service there can be co-ordinated so as to appeal to wider sections of youth.

As it is, activity is largely carried on by these voluntary bodies.

The time is ripe for using all youths for Youth Service.

And youth will not let their side down.

(More next week)

A Complete Story

The Little Dog Laughed

by

"Young Herbert"

YOU won't believe this story. I know you won't. I find the utmost difficulty in persuading anybody at all to believe it.

But it's true. In every detail. Because Herbert, who I will introduce in a minute, is my Grandfather. And if you knew my Grandfather you wouldn't have a moment's doubt or hesitation.

*

IT all began over a pipe. Herbert was seventeen at the time, and of course, at that age he was much older than men of thirty or even fifty. When he read in the papers about the Prime Minister's latest speech he would wrinkle his nose in sheer contempt. He had a tremendous lot of knowledge. And so, like all old men of seventeen, he bought a pipe to go with it.

It was a lovely shiny briar pipe, varnished inside and outside. It didn't have a straight grain, which perhaps argues a little ignorance on Herbert's part. But he knew all about straight grains. Only financial considerations prevented him getting a straight grain.

As it was he bought this pipe which was stamped with the famous "Captain Kettle's Seasoned Briars." He was very proud of it, and bought some of the thick black twist that he had seen his father smoke.

And he got into a smoking carriage on the old South Eastern Railway (for, I forgot to say, he was going on a journey) and settled back in the corner seat, with a copy of Part 3, Series Seven, of the Crimean War Illustrated. Naturally he lit up his pipe and enjoyed a good old smoke.

*

SOON the carriage was filled with a beautiful odour of new varnish, and thick, black twist. It swirled out of the windows on either side, mingling with the engine smoke. As it curled past the other carriages, passengers hastily raised windows, and enquired of each other as to whether the train was going through a tunnel.

Herbert didn't notice the odour. Experienced pipe-smokers like Herbert never do. Or if they do, they like it.

But what is more important, Herbert enjoyed his pipe. When he had exhausted the first pipe-full he knocked it out scientifically on the heel of his boot, and filled up again. Speaking from the point of view of his stomach, it had not the slightest effect.

*

AT the next station a plump, small-featured woman in a big fur coat got into the carriage. She was holding a lump of fur in her hands. Afterwards this turned out to be a Pekinese dog.

Herbert glanced up from his paper, adjusted his pipe with all the practice of a professional, and smiled at the woman. She sniffed, and lowered the window a little more.

Herbert returned to his study of the Crimean War and his smoking. From behind Part 3, Series Seven, even denser clouds of grey smoke appeared. It swam and oozed all over the carriage, and the little Pekinese put back his ears and tried to merge with the woman's fur coat.

After a few minutes of this the woman decided to intervene. Whether she did so on the grounds of hygiene, or because she had a principled objection to pipe-smoking, she didn't indicate. Anyhow, she failed to use the right tone of voice with which to address a man of the world travelling south on business.

"Boy!" she said sharply. "You boy! Put out that pipe at once."

Herbert looked up amazed but cool. Very cool. He took another long pull before replying. He looked all round the carriage, as if seeking something.

"This is a smoking carriage, I believe, Madam," he said.

"Don't argue with me, young man." The woman got angry very quickly, in spite of Herbert's polite reply. "Put that foul thing out at once. Do as you're told."

*

NOW this is certainly not the way to talk to a fellow who has just read "The Rights of Man" and "Merrie England," and who knows that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It was undoubtedly not the way to talk to Herbert. He resented this interference with his private affairs. A man is entitled to his pipe. If he isn't, something is wrong somewhere.

So Herbert ignored the remark. His only answer was to puff away vigorously, thus creating a thick fog which almost hid his companion from view.

It was a foolish man who said that women must wait. They are the most impatient set of people ever created. They never wait. This one didn't.

Leaning across the carriage, she swooped. Her left knocked Part 3, Series Seven into the other corner. Her right hand gripped, with a firm unmistakable grip, the stem of Herbert's pipe. With all her might she pulled. One might say she yanked.

There is a limit to what teeth, even the gleaming white teeth of a man of the world, can stand. The pipe came out. The next moment it was flying through the window.

*

HISTORY has recorded many examples of quick thinking and poetic justice. Herbert's next move placed him forever in the front rank of British men of action and derring-do.

He didn't even wait to be flabbergasted. He seized the little Pekinese by the scruff of the neck and sent it flying after his lovely, shiny pipe.

The fat woman let out a terrified scream. Her shrieks filled the carriage. The beating of her arms completely cleared the place of all traces of smoke.

"Murderer," she screamed. "Murderer. My poor Dodo. Murderer. Help. Help."

In vain did Herbert try to pacify her. With a fine gesture he took the entire blame on his shoulders. He apologised. He rose to his feet in an effort to express sorrow.

The woman saw him rise with something like terror in her eyes. Why she should be afraid, it is difficult to say. There is an old proverb which says that those sheep who have nothing to fear bleat the loudest.

She didn't only bleat though. She summoned virtue to her side to do battle for her honour and for her dog.

Once again, with all her might she pulled. This time at the communication cord. With a hoot and a whistle and a straining of brakes, the train jerked to a halt.

*

IN a few minutes there was a crowd outside on the lines watching the carriage. Framed in the window, like the portrait of a mad woman, the stout lady was calling to all and sundry for aid. Behind her was Herbert, a full sense of responsibility now weighing upon him. A pipe after all is an inanimate object. This much he knew from Newton. A dog is a different proposition. A pipe may be thrown from the window of a train. It is doubtful whether the law would recognise the inalienable right of man to throw dogs out of windows. Least of all Pekinese dogs. Least of all train windows.

The guard, the driver and a village policeman who had heard the commotion from the lane running alongside the track pushed their way through the crowd.

The policeman took charge. First of all he took charge of the situation. Later he took charge of Herbert. Gripping him firmly by the arm, he made him descend on to the track, and thence to the lane. The woman, still shouting in a squeaky voice went with them. Occasionally, to emphasise her point she dug the tip of a big umbrella into Herbert. Occasionally, she called on the Almighty to help her, and to witness her anguish.

It may be that the Almighty already had the situation well in hand.

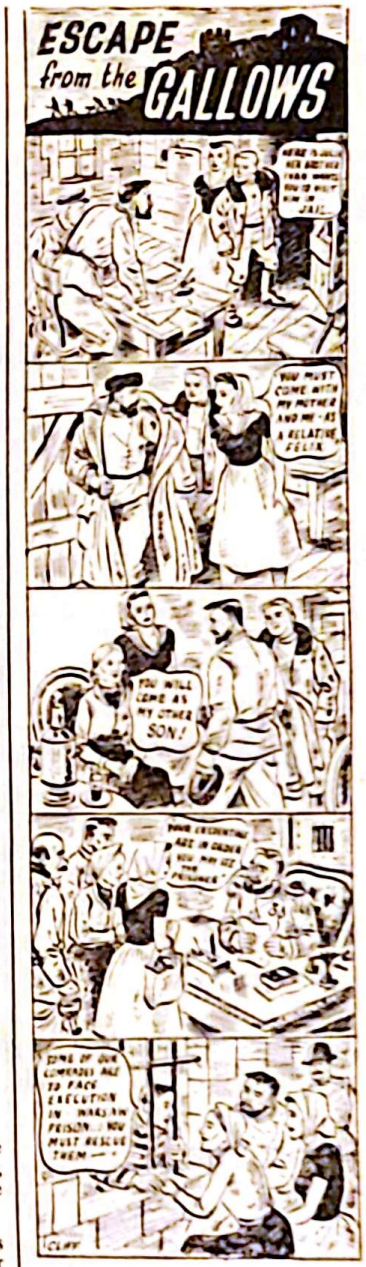
*

AS they rounded the bend of the lane a Pekinese came in sight, padding along the road. It was the fat lady's Pekinese.

However, the Almighty, on this particular day, spared a thought for others besides the angels.

For the little dog was carrying in his mouth a pipe. A lovely new, shiny, briar pipe. Herbert's pipe.

Please believe me. My Grandfather was, and is, Herbert. And if you knew my Grandfather. . . .



Felix Kohn, famous Polish Revolutionary, who died recently in Moscow, was the hero of a famous rescue of ten of his Party comrades from prison and execution. During an election campaign in Warsaw, in 1906, many workers were arrested and shot by the Polish landlords. Felix, working on an election committee, was visited by Julia, the sister of a comrade imprisoned in Pavyak prison. She tells Felix that her brother Ivan wants to see him in the prison.

The Question the Whole Nation is Asking

WHAT IS HOLDING UP OUR ACTION?

WHY all the delay about the Three-Power Conference going to be held in Moscow?

When is this country going to carry out its full obligations under the British-Soviet Alliance?

There is not a serious-minded person in Britain who is not asking these questions.

The real test of our alliance with Russia is in deeds. Our allies do not need praise or flattery. They want help and they want it quickly.

The present policy of "wait and see" is one which will place the British people in terrible danger. Our fate is bound up with that of the Russian people.

Invasion of Britain?

IT has been said that if Hitler ever intended to invade this country he would have done it last September. People who talk like that should check their facts.

Hitler has himself admitted that last September he was forced to concentrate large forces in the East to balance the Red Army which lined his frontier.

In fact, long before we had an alliance with the Soviet Union, the Red Army was the factor, together with our Royal Air Force, which saved Britain from invasion last year.

Hitler has not succeeded in "liquidating" Russia.

But he has pushed his frontiers three to four hundred miles away from Germany.

In two and a half months the Soviet Union has lost more guns and tanks than we have possessed at any time in this war. Their losses in man-power have been greater than British losses in the four years of the last war. Thirty million people, the equivalent to three-quarters of the British population, have lost their homes. This represents a serious weakening of the allies.

Russia Won't Be Beaten

THE danger is not that Hitler will defeat Russia. He will never do that. But he may be able to so weaken the Russian forces that they will be unable to attempt an effective counter-offensive for a considerable time. He may succeed in stabilising his front in the East for a period.

Is there any one person who doubts that Hitler would use that breathing-space to attempt an invasion of Britain?

It is clear that we must never allow Hitler to have this opportunity.

That he must not be allowed to follow his traditional strategy of striking down one enemy at a time.

That Britain must not only sustain and help our Russian ally, but that we must strike too, in the West.

Scorched Earth

SOME Home Guard Generals have been talking recently about applying the "scorched earth" policy to Britain in the event of invasion.

They seem to forget that if we retreated 300 miles and burned and destroyed in our path, we should not only destroy valuable industrial strength. We should in all probability land up in the Atlantic. The casualties would be enormous, even if the invasion failed.

The spirit that inspires the "scorched earth" policy is what Britain needs. Now. Not when Hitler chooses the time.

Wide Demand for Second Front

THERE has never been so much unity of public opinion over a single issue. From Right to Left, with significant exceptions, the demand for a vigorous offensive policy grows.

The Military Correspondent of the London *Evening Standard* puts the issue clearly:

"The Russians are engaging four-fifths of the German striking power. If we can do nothing now, how shall we hope to do anything about it with five times the weight of the present opposition deployed against us? . . . The decisive hour is here, not two years hence."

In the *Sunday Express*, Mr. John Gordon wrote:

"I hear all sorts of excuses, all sorts of explanations as to why, after two years of war, in which we have poured out our money, called up millions of men, driven our workshop wheels as they have never been driven before, we cannot strike a blow that will really take some pressure off Russia.

"But somehow, none of the excuses, none of the explanations, seem adequate.

"I see it stated that Hitler has 75 per cent of his strength thrown against Russia. Give him another 10 per cent to hold them down. That leaves 15 per cent for us to deal with.

"Can you believe that the British Empire is in such a state that it can't face a fight like this? I for one, don't believe it." (*August* 24, 1941.)

Hundreds of other, similar, quotations could be made. The facts are unanswerable. The question is: who is holding things up?

DON'T TURN OVER these two pages without reading this article by **Corpl. MICK BENNETT.** It is strong meat but every sentence packs the sort of punch we need more of.

What is holding things up?

Who is responsible for the policy that is endangering the British people?

The Evil That Men Do

THERE have been several indications of late that point to the answer.

The policy of the late Mr. Chamberlain is by no means dead. "The evil that men do lives after them."

Major-General Fuller, in a recent article, was illuminating. He called his piece with remarkable irony, "The Defence of the Caucasus."

His contribution to the problem was that Britain should be prepared, in the event of further difficulties for the Red Army, to occupy the Caucasus. He says:

"The chances are that the main Russian armies along the Dnieper will be driven back in a north-easterly direction, that is, away from the Caucasus. Should this happen the main brunt of war in that region will fall on ourselves. In turn this demands elbow room, which demands that we push on to Rostov and Stalingrad, with an army at least 300,000 strong."

Major-General Fuller might answer one question for us.

If we are capable of putting a well-equipped fighting force into action against the Germans in the Caucasus, what is to prevent us putting that same force into action in the rear of the Germans, in Europe?

He should remember too, that the Nazis are hundreds of miles from the Caucasus, and will never see it in his life time!

General Fuller reveals his attitude earlier in the article, when he says: " . . . should our Russian allies win the war single-handed we might lose the peace, if only because their world order is not ours."

Haters

IT is this state of mind which places the British people in such serious danger. The attitude of mind which places class-hatred of a Socialist state before even the safety of the British people.

There are others, too many others.

For instance, J. A. Christie, Tory M.P. for South Norfolk, who said that he thought it best for us "that our two chief enemies (Germany and Russia! M.B.) should destroy each other."

Sir William Weyland, M.P. for Canterbury said on August 2, that "there is nothing to choose between Hitler and Stalin!"

These people in themselves are not important. They are officially described as "indiscreet."

What is important is the people who don't speak, who don't disclose their real views.

These are the people who are holding up the action which will remove the threat of invasion from Britain for ever.

There is a clamour now for the removal of Colonel Moore-Brabazon, the Minister who, at a public luncheon, hoped Russia and Germany would exhaust themselves to our advantage.

There are others we don't hear about, equally guilty, occupying high positions in the Army, the Civil Service, perhaps even the Government.

They must be cleaned out. At once.

Leningrad and London

THE epic defence of Leningrad must do more than inspire the British people. The city of Lenin, the cradle of the Russian people, will be a second, a greater Madrid. It will never be conquered.

But that defence is not made without cost. The Home Guard of the city, the Red Army and Air Force, are suffering huge losses.

These losses, these sacrifices should stir the British people to a white heat of anger.

Into Action Now

WITH all our mighty, organised strength, from factory, street, barrack-room and club, we must demand immediate action in the West.

The workmen of Britain will supply all the materials and equipment necessary. The soldiers and sailors and airmen will supply the fighting qualities and courage.

The Government must be purged of those who dilly-dally and betray.

The inefficiency and waste in war production must be ended.

The Ghosts of Munich, that dismal occasion on which Britain sunk lower than in all her history, must be laid once and for all.

The safety and future of the British people demands it.

Are you satisfied that we are doing enough about it?

★ A Football Experiment to Watch

These are Red Army Ski-men out on a run. We shall be hearing more of these chaps soon, as Russian winter counter-attacks start dealing with the Nazis. Hundreds of thousands of Russian youngsters are experts at the ski game.

Cubs from the Wolves Lair:

Major Frank Buckley takes a plunge

WHAT a surprise packet is Major Frank Buckley, the Wolverhampton Wanderers' manager!

While other managers we know pull out their hair in fury and desperation, Frank goes on merrily chortling and chuckling.

The player shortage, whether in peace or war, means as much as two hoots to the Big Good Wolf.

A Way of His

WHAT has Buckley been up to this time? Nothing more, pals, than carrying on the old Wolves' custom of pulling cubs from their lair and banging them straight into first-class football.

His soccer factory is still in full swing.

They say that the enterprising Buckley prowls and stalks in the most unlikely places.

Out come the boys from their cradles, and "plonk" they go right into the soccer factory. When Frank's about, mothers put ankle chains on their kiddies!

Team of Boys

BEING serious, however, this fellow got 'em all beat.

For the first game this season, he turned out two 16-year-olds, seven aged 17, and two "veterans" of 18.

Only one player, Jimmy Mullen, one of the veterans, had had Football League experience.

I saw Mullen make his debut in the big stuff. He was then only 16, and turned out against Arsenal.

More to Come?

FOUR of these youngsters, Singleton, who operates between the sticks; Walker, left-back; Turner, centre-half; and Stevenson, inside-left; are from the club's nursery team, Brampton Welfare.

Four others, Springthorpe, Alderton, Thornhill, and Wright, played for Wolves two seasons ago in the Regional Competition.

And, of course, there's other cubs in the offing, if these fail to come up to scratch.

Big Business

THIS soccer factory stuff is really big business, with Buckley at the head. It is said that cash received from transfer fees during the past few seasons, has run into six figures!

Former Wolves' cubs are dotted about in teams all over the country.

And who of us fails to remember the 14,000 cracklers Wolves received from Arsenal for the transfer of Bryn Jones?

That is the highest fee ever in British football.

New Life!

IF Buckley startled the football world with his ability to turn bouncing babies into first-rate footballers, he left it gasping when introducing gland treatment for his players.

And there's no doubt whatever that the treatment put zest into the team.

It met with opposition in some quarters, and an inquiry by medical men was started by the Football Association.

Then the war broke out. We are still waiting to hear what were the findings of the doctors.

Is It A Racket?

IS professional football a racket? I for one have never held the game up as a paragon of virtue. There is always scope for irregu-

larities in commercialised sport.

No respecters of persons, the F.A. meted out severe punishment to officials of Derby County for actions considered to be detrimental to the game.

The harsh punishment is surely intended as a lesson to others who have opportunity to digress.

Got It Hot

ACCORDING to the F.A., they are satisfied that payments contrary to transfer, bonus and signing-on regulations, had been made, and fictitious entry into books made to cover the business.

In addition to a number of suspensions—Mr. George Jobey, the manager, for life—the club was fined £500.

Many famous players are involved, and these will have to answer certain questions in writing.

Well, Derby County caught it hot, but, if rumours have substance at all, it is pretty certain that if a a small tooth-comb is used in football, the County would not be the only people on the mat.

Clearing House

THE Clearing House for players, established by Harry Curtis and Jack Peart, the Brentford and Fulham managers, deserves success.

It often happens that Service players, stationed away from their own club, and others, are often without a game. All these players need do is to notify the Clearing House. They will be put in touch with clubs who have informed the House of vacancies.

The idea was first mooted a couple of seasons ago by George Allison, the Arsenal manager.

John Muldoon

LONDON'S new big-time boxing promoter, the Irisher, John Muldoon, picked up a scoop when he succeeded in matching Ernie Roderick and Arthur Danahar for the former British welter-weight title.

Fight will take place at the Albert Hall, London, on September 29.

Muldoon looks certain to pinch all the boxing limelight from Sydney Hulls, unless the latter is slippy.

Broadribb's Gem

UNABLE to secure a referee's licence—he's been trying to get one for nearly two years from the Boxing Board of Control—Ted Broadribb has taken to managing fighters again.

About five weeks ago he picked up a gem in young Douglas Bygrave, a light-weight in the Royal Air Force.

At the Albert Hall recently, Bygrave put up a sensational show against the Fighting Irishman, Johnny Ward, whose two-fisted, perpetual tear-away tactics, has wiped the smirk from the faces, and busted the noses of far more experienced ringsters than Bygrave.

With a handler of Broadribb's calibre around him, this lad will go far. He's well built, strong, slings a nice left, and can fight.

Ask Johnny!

The Big Three

AMONG a big cluster of sluggers who cuddled the ringside at the Albert Hall, I noticed Len Harvey, looking as fit as a fiddle, Tommy Farr and Eddie Phillips. With Len was his wife.

Harvey, who has been absent for a long time at big London shows, gave me the "thumbs up" sign when he walked to his seat. He likes his job in the Air Force.

Whispering with one of the "big three," I learned that Muldoon has notions of putting two of them on a programme in the near future.

Busmen's Scheme

I UNDERSTAND that the Boxing Section of the London Transport (Central Buses) Sports' Association, is considering the idea of running a mammoth tournament at the Albert Hall, in March, 1942.

If the tournament comes off, all proceeds will be donated to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Teams from Allied countries will be invited to compete, and that goes for the Russians, too.

The show would certainly be a smashing hit if the Russians sent a team of their ring personalities.

So I wish the busmen all the luck in the world. Let us hope their idea materialises.

The Sports Editor

WORK is increasing at the CHALLENGE Offices. Will readers who have a couple of hours to spare PLEASE VOLUNTEER to do some work at the office. All expenses paid.

CHALLENGE Offices are in need of a TYPEWRITER, of any kind. Will readers who have or know anyone who has a typewriter please notify CHALLENGE Offices at once.

REMOVALS, Cartage, Contract Work.—Fred Barker, 65 London Road, S.W.9.

BLACK SUNDAY, Oct. 4, 1936. Photos wanted for exhibition, loan.—Send to I. M. Jacobs, 28 Ashfield Street, London, E.1.

UNITY THEATRE revive (by request) DISTANT POINT, by Afinogenov. The first Soviet play to be shown in London. Sat., 6 p.m.; Sun., 2.30 and 6 p.m. 1/6, 2/6, 3/6. Members and affiliates only. Membership fees 2/-. 1 Goldington Street, N.W.1. Eus. 5391. Box Office: 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun. 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.

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GIVE HIM THE WORKS

WE Dick Nettleton, Manchester Apprentice, has a word to say

MUST DO MORE

"WE who work in the factories know that we are not producing all we can do," said Dick Nettleton, leader of the Engineering and Allied Trades Youth Movement, in an exclusive interview with CHALLENGE.

Tall, dark and enthusiastic, Dick waxed eloquent on the tremendous possibilities which now exist to finish off Hitler.

"We will help the Shop Stewards to see to it that everything that is needed to put our armies in the field fully equipped, is produced," he said.

* * *

IT is to further this aim that Dick, with other youth leaders has called all young workers in the Engineering and similar industries, to a conference in London on October 5.

This is the first time that young workers themselves have taken the initiative into their own hands on problems of production.

"Make no mistake," said Dick, "we have a lot to say, and a lot of proposals to make. We are not meeting just to air our grievances. The purpose of the conference is first and foremost, practical."

* * *

I ASKED him if the conference would discuss wages and hours, and the question of Technical Training which is the burning issue among young workers.

"The Amalgamated Engineering Union," he answered, "has already worked out a series of demands on these issues. We shall ask the Conference to give them full support in their efforts."

He made a special appeal to readers of CHALLENGE to give the organisers every support in making the Conference a success.

You should make sure that your factory or shop sends delegates. You should send in information which will help the discussion to be more practical.

"Get together on your job now," says Dick.

FILL UP THIS FORM NOW

Please send Delegate Credentials to :

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. Represented..... *Name of Factory*.....

Enclosed Delegates' Fees..... .....

Signed..... *Date*.....

Please return to CONFERENCE ORGANISING COMMITTEE, Room 21, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Dagenham Shows the Way

By A Special Correspondent

YOUNG people in Dagenham haven't waited long to carry out the decisions of their recent Conference (reported in last week's issue).

A deputation was received by the Mayor last week. He expressed pleasure at the initiative of the organisers and promised full support to their efforts.

They proposed that a Youth Farm should be started, and the Mayor told them that if they supplied the youth, he would supply the tools and the land. He also welcomed the proposal for a big Victory march of youth through Dagenham and suggested that it might be a fine opportunity to recruit to youth service.

A similar welcome was received from the local Youth Organisation Committee. The idea of a message of greeting from the youth of Dagenham to the youth of the U.S.S.R. was given full support.

As a result, a Consultative Committee, consisting of members of the Youth Organisations Committee and the Deputation has been formed.

Dagenham have set an example which should be followed in every town and borough in the country.

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Girls in Training

A Weekly Notebook by R.K.

FIFTY girls in Chelsea, London, are among the first recruits to the new Girls' Training Corps which has just been formed.

The G.T.C. is really the girls' equivalent of the Air Training Corps for boys. Fourteen- to 18-year-old girls will be able to get some valuable training. They will have better prospects if, when they are 18, they join the W.A.A.F.s, Wrens, A.T.S. or other women's national service schemes.

Uniform for the scheme consists of a white tunic, navy blue skirt, belt and beret.

It will provide another interesting aspect of the Youth Movement for George Sinfield to investigate.

* * *

HELL-FIRE HEROES

IN Kent, George tells me apropos of his investigations into the way Britain's youth army is going into action, the authorities have paid the greatest tribute to youth he has come across.

They have decided not to set up a youth service organisation.

They consider every young person in the county has so grandly risen to the emergency, and engaged in national service, that there is no need for any specific organisation.

George is going to "Hell-Fire" Corner soon. So make certain to read about Kent. Next week he will be in the Midlands and South Wales. There should be interesting stuff from there. Watch for it.

* * *

How many members of the Youth Service Corps will be at Toynbee Hall, London, on October 5? It is their big opportunity. The Young Engineers and Apprentices will be getting down to it there. Just the thing for Youth Service. Why not fill in the form on the page opposite?

* * *

MEN FROM MOSCOW

TWO famous Russians will be in town this week. Valentine Katayev and Alexei Tolstoi. Both well-known writers, they come to a conference of friendship organised by the P.E.N. Club, the representative authors' organisation.

The best way we can bid them welcome is by putting in just a bit more work this week as a tribute to the men they represent who are fighting the Battle of Britain outside Leningrad.

The Story on the Cover

A group of young Russian guerillas seized their opportunity behind the lines when they came across a Nazi sentry guarding a bridge fast asleep. One of them crawled under the bridge with explosive while the others covered the sleeping man. A few minutes later it was ready, and fired.

The bridge was blown to pieces—and so was the Nazi.

* * *

GUNS IN THEIR HANDS

"They look as though they've been painted by artists with guns in their hands."

THIS is what a well-known British artist said about the posters at the Exhibition of Soviet Life now being shown at the Suffolk Galleries, near Trafalgar Square.

Tough and crude the posters, especially are a feature of this Exhibition which everyone should see. There is also a particularly fine selection of photographs.

BROTHERS, THEY ARE RIGHT

AT this point I bring Frank Owen into the picture. He has something to say which needs saying; and I think he says it better than anyone else.

Frank is the Editor of the "Evening Standard." Here he is:

"Suppose Hitler HAD invaded Britain on September 1. We should be glad to see that the Red Air Fleet were bombing Breslau. We should be glad to hear that by occupying Iran the Red Army had established contact with our forces in Irak. We should be interested to learn that a Moscow mission was coming (shortly) to discuss our needs in the matter of material aid.

"But we should not be satisfied. We should still feel anxious. We should still be hungry for help, and some of us angry. We should cry out: 'Is this ALL they can do when we have engaged four-fifths of the enemy for three whole months?' Yes, that is what we should say in pretty blunt terms. And, brothers, we should be right."

OLD FRIENDS IN PICTURES

TWO old friends of CHALLENGE readers are concerned in the new British picture *He Found a Star*, which has just had its first showing. They are Ben Frankel and Reg Knight.

Ben was the Musical Director of the film and has done a good job of work with difficult material; Reg actually appears in the picture, and I'll leave you to see if you can pick him out.

* * *

TALKING of Reg Knight. This young, energetic secretary of the Musicians' Social and Benevolent Council has just pulled off one of the big events of the year so far as the Musicians' Union is concerned, "*Jazz Jamboree.*"

The Jamboree is the M.U.'s annual event to raise money for the Benevolent Fund, and, was a crashing success. (Pictures next week.)

The result is going to be, I understand, that the Musicians' Union will endow two scholarships, one at the Royal College of Music, the other at the Royal Academy.

It is a fine step to take. Winners of the scholarship will have the best musical education possible owing to the foresight of the proposers of this scheme.

FRANK JAMES writes from the Army

WASTED BRAINS

CAN Britain's war effort find any use for an internationally famou surgeon, two brain specialists, an aeronautical engineer with years of experience at the German firm of Junkers, and a skilled electrician from Siemen's, Berlin?

If so, I can tell the Government where to find them; right under its nose, in an Aliens' Company of the Pioneer Corps.

I have watched these men, refugees from Germany and a dozen other Nazi-enslaved countries, working as unskilled labourers with pick and shovel, while their talent goes to waste.

There are hundreds like them: doctors we need to heal our sick and wounded, scientists and engineers who could bring their skill to our laboratories and factories.

Why should these men be pushing wheelbarrows and digging drains?

NOT THE ONLY ONES

THEY'RE not the only ones who are being wasted. I remember the contingent of Spanish Republican soldiers I encountered some months ago at a British Army camp.

They had fought the Nazis for three years in Spain, where many of them had belonged to the crack fighting brigades of Lister and Modesto. They had joined up with the French when the present war began, and had fought at Narvik and on the Western Front.

This is Raymond Guyot, one of France's youngest M.P.s. Now he is leading the Legions of Liberty in France.

And when I met them on British soil they, too, had been enrolled as labourers in the Pioneer Corps.

USE THEM PROPERLY

IT'S not hard to see why. The thick-skulled, high-hat Army big shots describe these men as "aliens." That's how they think of them—as "outsiders" whom we are graciously permitting a humble share in "our" war.

But this is a war of *all* the peoples against the Fascjst scourge. These refugees are among the bitterest enemies of Hitler. They have records a hundred times more honourable than some of our own high-ups.

For victory's sake, the Government must remove the restrictions upon these men.

Use the wasted brains in their proper spheres.

Give the fighting men a chance to fight.

Throw open to them commissioned rank, at present almost impossible for them to obtain.

Let's have an end to this "aliens" menace.

MONEY FOR CHALLENGE

£34-17-9

was the total money received before going to press this week, from readers all over the country: here are some of the outstanding contributions:—

£5 from Aberdeen, with promises of more to come.

£5 from Manchester readers, who intend to raise the biggest amount ever.

£5 5s. from Barrow Apprentices' Committee, which has honoured its I.O.U. handed in at the CHALLENGE Conference in June.

From Maidstone readers comes £2, from Finchley £2.

Fife coalfield readers send £1 and readers from the Austin Aero Works send £1. Gravesend supporters send £1.

OTHER donations, small, and not so small, have also been arriving in the post: 6s. 8d. from a raffle organised among Dagenham readers; £1 1s. 2d. from a raffle in Tottenham; Mr. A. Parker 5s.; An R.A.F. Sergeant (who regularly sends a donation) 2s. 6d.; 2s. 2d. from a seller in Bournemouth; 2s. 8d. from regular reader J. Gaylor; 9s. 4d. from Leicester readers, who regularly send contributions; Our CHALLENGE Agent in Wakefield, E. Brummitt, has collected 5s. 4d. from his regular readers, and promises to move heaven and earth to get more—so look out, Wakefield! St. Pancras readers ran a dance and we've received £2 10s. from this. One of the largest Park Royal factories have sent in £1 6s.

CHALLENGE agents and supporters have certainly been working overtime this week, and the rates paid have been T.U. throughout!

It is only with your continued support and co-operation that the paper can continue to improve.

So roll it in! ALEC MILLER

Fill in and post to 83-86 Premier House, 150 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

I/we enclose the sum of .....as a weekly guarantee/donation towards the success of your paper.

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(No. 12)

Films
you ought to see

HAVING consulted the stars and cast your horoscopes, I predict for film-goers an orgy of music, spectacle, glamour girls, and wisecracks. If you like this mixture you'll enjoy yourself immensely in the coming week. If you don't, you won't.

"Kiss the Boys Goodbye" (Plaza) is typical.

Show producer Don Ameche, aided by Oscar Levant, stages a talent quest in search of a genuine Southern beauty. Much against his will he discovers Mary Martin and this is an excuse for Southern musical settings, darkie songs, banjos, and other old Southern properties.

Mary Martin stages a surprise strip tease act but the censor's scissors beats us to it.

RADIO ADVERTS

James Stewart stars again in "Golden Hour" (Gaumont) with Paulette Goddard.

It's one of those stories about an amateur band and a radio advertising programme.

Stewart works overtime, playing an harmonica (mouth organ to you), throwing ripe tomatoes at his rich uncle, landing in jail by mistake, and forming his cell mates into a glee club.

TOP MARKS

"Sunny" (Regal, Marble Arch) is the best of the bunch. Anna Neagle (late Victoria the Great) is now a circus star (Venus de Milo with arms) who marries into America's wealthy and snobbish upper strata. The fun reaches its peak when her circus pals, complete with performing seal, break into and break up her society wedding.

STAR DUST

"For Whom the Bell Tolls," Ernest Hemingway's famous novel of the Spanish War is expected to be one of Paramount's forthcoming technicolour successes. No casting arrangements have yet been announced, but Sam Wood is to direct and Louis Bromfield is writing the screen play.

Robert Taylor makes good a boyhood ambition to emulate Tom Mix in M.-G.-M.'s technicolour Western "Billy the Kid." The horse he rides in the film is his own. He bought the animal several weeks before "Billy the Kid" went into production and shipped it to Palm Springs where he trained it himself. Believe it or not, he does all his own riding stunts without benefit of doubles.

Another actor to break new ground is Spencer Tracy, who, it appears, is out to rival Boris Karloff in M.-G.-M.'s spine-chiller "Dr. Jekyll and Mr Hyde." Tracy's appearance as the villainous Hyde is a well kept secret. No still photographs were made of him in this role and even scraps of film from the cutting room were destroyed to this end.

The Star-Gazer

To Bill

Cold, grey, insinuating dawn creeps in to see
Helmets; and long, smooth guns,
And dim defenders of the free
Stand ready, while the drunken, jerking net
of light
Reels in black heaven, with insensate glee.
"Christ! did they have to come tonight?"
Says Bill,
"Wife's got a nipper comin'"
Still,
He stuck to his shells, and did his best to pray,
But when they picked him up, he couldn't see.

"Gawd, Bill! the kid's yer image," now they say,
And wonder, when he turns his face away.

R. WILSON.

Reader's Cartoon

Each week CHALLENGE publishes a cartoon, or drawing sent in by its readers. If you fancy your hand have a shot and send in the result. Drawings must be in ink or wash. Artist's name and address should be given, not necessarily for publication.

CHALLENGE

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